

Copy of a letter written by Daniel Stewart Jr., aged 19, to his uncle, Mr. Alexander Stewart, Stewart's Land, West Port, Dundee, North Britain.

Written in remarkable, fine, copper plate script.

Kramosa, Wellington Co.
June 1840,
Upper Canada, British North America.

My dear Uncle:

Your very acceptable letter of July/39 addressed to my Father was duly received. Its perusal was highly entertaining; yet with sorrow I remember that the intelligence of Cousin Jannet's sickness beclouded all the other bright and gladdening news. Ah! how varying and oft how darkly shaded the history of this mortal state; on one side we find inscribed a long succession of happy events with intervals of uninterrupted peace, while the other not infrequently presents a picture of anguish and woe. The tidings of cousin Jane's marriage naturally called forth joy mingled with the hope that it might prove a happy event to all interested, and while now I desire through you my dear uncle in the most cordial manner to congratulate my beloved cousin on her accession to the highly honourable and very responsible office of Wife and Mother, I most cordially congratulate yourself on your accession to the venerable title of "Grandfather" and fondly do I cherish the hope that your new relationship will afford Aunt and you much joy and consolation in your declining years. The sad account of dear cousin Jannet's sickness was to all a subject of sorrow, that sorrow however was mitigated by the heart cheering reflection that our Heavenly Parent whose kind and superintending Providence is ever over us never fails to sanctify even the most severe afflictions to the good of those who have the happiness to be his spiritual children.

My dear Uncle, seven years have now elapsed since I bade adieu to "Bonny Dundee" and though now far distant from the ancient "Royal Burgh" I still cherish a fond and lively remembrance of the last (?) terrene abode of my aged and venerated GrandParents whose many virtues are still to memory dear and whose spirits I hope to meet again within the pale of the Celestial City. Oft do I dwell with delight on the bright and buoyant days of early youth spent in Dundee in the circle of those dear friends for whom time and distance have failed to wax cold my love.

My dear Uncle, you will perceive by the head of this street ^{street} that I am now at the residence of my Father. A few weeks ago I arrived an invalid from Rochester City in the State of New York where I spent a year in a wholesale fancy warehouse receiving a salary of \$400.00 or £100, from which sum I had better than £30 to pay for my Room and Board. In Rochester I learned to think highly of the American Character. The American Merchant is active, enterprising and liberal. The American Farmer contented and happy, hospitable in his manners, of sound sense and industrious habits. The American Mechanic, sober, intelligent, ingenious. As a specimen of American enterprise - 28 years ago the place where now stands the stately buildings and lofty spires of Rochester stood the tall and dismal forest; the place twenty eight years ago inhabited by Beasts of prey and visited by the beardless Indian in his frail bark canoe is now the dwelling place of twenty-two thousand intelligent and accountable beings. In Rochester are 15 churches and 25 schools, 25 flour mills and various manufacturies - R. is far distant from Sea or Lake and its River the Genesee is rendered unnavigable by several beautiful Characts. But all these disadvantages sink into the Great Erie Canal which passes throu' the centre of the City at which from 25 to 30 Boats stop daily. This Erie Canal a monument of the Perseverance

and Ingenuity of Man and the most stupendous work of the kind in the world is 300 miles long.

My dear Uncle, seven years have not yet transpired since I first beheld a Home in America. I mean my Father's house; after a two days romantic journey from our Metropolis of Toronto I was introduced by the ever watchful Canadian Dog to a small log cot walled on every side with the majestic forest - not far from the door was a cautious cow browsing on her native plants - a white pig was also seen delving among the roots and a hen heard clucking near the door. I entered the house and found Father and Mother, Alexander and Ann enjoying their midday rest, which being weary and tired was also a sweet season to their visitor. After a lapse of two hours Father and Alexander took up their (battle) axes and renewed the attack on the tall forest trees which, like a slain army, bestrewed the ground. During the intervening years I made frequent visits to the Cot, which now affords me shelter - every visit witnessed a change but great the change that seven years have wrought. True the log house has undergone little or no change; those for whom it was built throu' the goodness of Him whose kind arm conducted them through a long and perilous path are yet its occupants; but changed the prospect all around - in the place of dense wood, I now behold verdant fields - some affording rich pasturage for sheep and cattle a number of which are now seen grazing thereon - others already wave with far advanced wheat, barley, oats, peas, etc. In the centre of these variegated fields appear the Barn and Corn yard, Stable and (?) sheep Situate within a short distance of the Barn stands the Log Cabin, surrounded by a garden and a group of little pens, the abode of a numerous throng of hens, turkeys, geese and ducks. The felling of trees is well nigh over and the clearing into ten fields of six acres of ea (?). There are cleared in all (torn) odd five are in various use. Brother John is now at home - a hired man gives his whole attention to the improvement of (torn) Father gives attention to its adornment. The working and farm are 2 yoke of oxen and a pair of horses. Not long ago brother Alexander presented Father with a young colt which bids fair to be an excellent riding mare. In a preceding page I mentioned my return from Rochester an invalid - the salubrious clime of this region has had a very salutary influence on me - my health indeed is restored. My dear Uncle, I am fully persuaded that the Canadian Farmer may be one of the happiest of men, therefore I am resolved on becoming a farmer myself as early as will be expedient. Brother Peter is the proprietor of the next lot to this, 10 acres of which are now yielding the fruits of his labour. H. Talbot (Sister M's husband) and Margaret and their little boy are well and desire to be affectionately remembered to you and their other dear friends. H. T. has a very pretty place about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. It was about 9 months ago my Father and Mother had the happiness to become Grand Parents and myself an Uncle to a bonny and bright Canadian Boy. Brother Alexander still holds his old situation in Toronto - he has however purchased a lot about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from this and only intends remaining in Toronto a little longer to acquire means adequate to its partial improvement. Sister Ann continues at home a very faithful daughter and comfort to Mother and Daniel (myself) will spend yet a few weeks at home where he enjoys himself exceedingly.

My dear Uncle, having now made you somewhat acquainted with the circumstances of all your young American friends, I will now entertain you (I presume) with some observations of your older and more intimate ones, Father and Mother who have as you are probably aware a few months ago passed the border of "three score". On coming to the New World Father and Mother had the happiness to find their dwelling within $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile of a Baptist meeting house - This lowly temple consecrated to the worship of the Most High has been to them a source of great comfort throu' the goodness of Him who sustains His people everywhere and who causeth the wilderness to rejoice and the solitary place to be glad - they have been enabled thither to repair on the first day of every week (few Sabbaths excepted) for upwards of seven years, where they enjoy communion

with spirits kindred to their own. Father and Mother had the extreme pleasure of witnessing the spiritual birth of two of their children since their departure from Dundee. Of the family there are now four that have experienced the joys of Salvation and are now hopeful travellers to Mount Zion, of whom my dear Uncle I have the happiness to be one. Both Father and Mother are blessed with the enjoyment of good health. They are also favoured with a share of the comforts of life and troubled with few of its cares. At present they enjoy the society of all the children except Alexander, and this they enjoy throu' his correspondence and have a fair prospect if spared of soon being surrounded by all of their children of the first and second generations. My Father desires me to thank you very kindly for calling on Capt. Stewart, but desires me also to say that you need not trouble the old gentleman again and should you ever receive anything you will please to transfer it to his dear sister Janet (Dundee). Father, mother and all the family desire to be affectionately remembered to you, Aunt, your family and my two dear Aunts Janet and Catharine and all other inquiring friends. Farewell my dear Uncle and believe me to be your very afft. nephew.

Daniel Stewart.

Please inform the friends in the Highlands that they may be in daily expectation of a letter from us.

Please mention to Mr. James Robertson, formerly of Edderty, that my brother John addressed him to your care a few days ago. F. and M. send their respects to their old friend Mr. J. Robertson lately returned from India.

D.F.S.

Postscript written by Daniel Stewart Sr.

My very dear Alex: It's not a want of inclination that prevented me from filling this sheet myself but a desire to give my youngest son the opportunity, who has in these lines expressed the sentiments of my wife and myself. I will however add a few lines from Paul and a verse from a hymn which struck me very forcibly yesterday in meeting. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth - Colossians 3 Chap. 2 Verse.

Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love
Above our choicest treasure lies
And be our hearts above.

Farewell my dear brother and may the God of all mercy and grace be your chief and only delight now and throughout Eternity.

Very affectionately

Daniel Stewart, Senr.